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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT

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SCOTTISH DIALECT

ROBERT BURNS

P O E M S

Entered in Stationers Hall.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED BY THE EDITOR.



SCOTTISH DIALECT

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, BY W. DAVIES, LONDON.

AND WILLIAM TAYLOR, EDINBURGH.

MDCCLXXXIII

BRITISH
8 SE 74
MUSEUM



ROBERT BURNS

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SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY
ROBERT BURNS. K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL *jun.* AND W. DAVIES, LONDON;
AND WILLIAM CREECH, EDINBURGH.

MDCCXCVIII.

P. O. E. M. S.

SCOTTISH ADJUTANT

SCOTTISH AND CANADIAN

SCOTTISH ADJUTANT



SCOTTISH ADJUTANT
which report ambition is to find in his country
a more perfect form of the same
and to the highest point of the same
and to the highest point of the same
and to the highest point of the same
and to the highest point of the same

DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Ge-

VOL. I.

b

nius

nius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elifba did Elifba—at the Plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious

our Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that, from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may pleasure ever be of your party ; and may Social joy await your return ! When barassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats ; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the

Ruler,

*Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally
find you an inexorable foe !*

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*With the sincerest gratitude and highest
respect,*

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS,

Edinburgh, ?
April 4. 1787.

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

S C O T T I S H.

THE

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

VOL. I.

A

The

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
 Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure :
 His hair, his fize, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Where failors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brads collar,
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar :
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride na pride had he ;
 But wad hae spent an hour careffin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's meffin :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wha

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him;
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland fang*,
 Was made lang syne,—Lord knows how lang:

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke,
 His honest, sonfie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither;
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;

A 2

Whyles

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they fat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :
 He rises when he likes himsel ;
 His flunkies answer at the bell ;
 He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;
 He draws a bonie filken purse,

As

As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling,
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' fauce, ragouts, and sicklike trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't e-
nough ;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,

A 3

Wi'

Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and ficklike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like los o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
 But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !

L—d,

L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
 They gang as faucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash:
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

L U A T H.

They're nae fae wretched's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink :
 They're fae accustom'd wi' the fight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are fae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;

They

They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*,

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When *rural life*, o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth,
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream ;
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;

The

The cantie auld folks, crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae faid,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest fawfont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, ablins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his faul indentin——

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it,
Say

Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
 To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles :
 Then boufes drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential forrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For

Say

*For Britain's guid ! for her destruction ;
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.*

L U A T H.

Hech man ! dear firs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten an' harafs'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But

But will ye tell me, Maister *Cæsar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Tho' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themfels to vex them ;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A

But

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's till'd, he's right enough ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet, uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;
 An' even their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping through public places.
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then fowther a' in deep debauches ;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
 Nienst day their life is past enduring.
 The Ladies arm-in-arm in cluisters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ;

But

But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the fun was out o' fight,
 An' darker gloaming brought the night :
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH

But

SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots bear* can mak us,
In glaß or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink!*
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn,*
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

VOL. I.

B

Food

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin ;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
At's weary toil ;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou

Thou are the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' guffy fucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath

I' th' lugget caup !
Then *Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinfome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gofflips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight ;
Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.
Alake !

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haff,
O' half his days ;
An' fends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warft faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well !
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel !
It fets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill,

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' four disdain,
Out owre a glafs o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky* ! foul o' plays an' pranks !
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses !
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a---s !

Thee, *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast
May kill us a' ;
For loyal Forbes' charter'd hoast
Is ta'en awa' !

Thae

Thae curst horfe-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize !
Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, feize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *Whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best !——
——How art thou lost !——

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,

To

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch
Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and
the Author return their most grateful thanks.

To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her fittin on her a—

Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to burst !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er fin' they laid that curst restriction

On *Aquavita* ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell

(26)

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble ;
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye difsemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ;
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
Let posts an' pensions sink or foom
Wi' them wha grant 'em :
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw ;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrifls ;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whifls ;
An' d-mn'd Excifemen in a bufle,
 Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant crushtn't like a muffel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
 Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas !

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' fight !
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God blefs your Honors, can ye fee't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it !

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster,

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'fe warran ;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham* ;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;
An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* ;
Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither fang.

This

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie !)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets !

For G-d fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit and Lear,
To get remead.

Yon

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
E'en cove the caddie !
An' fend him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*
I'll be his debt twa mafflum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's* *
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,

He

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauch-*
line, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass
of gude auld *Scotch Drink*.

He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God blefs your Honors a' your days,
Wi' fowps o' kail and brats o' claife,
In fpite o' a' the thievifh kaes
That haunt St *Jamie's* !
Your humble Poet fings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-ftarv'd flaves in warmer fkies
See future wines, rich-cluft'ring, rife ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frifky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whifky,

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms !
When wretches range, in famifh'd fwarms,
The fcented groves,

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Or

Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring fwither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
him ;

Death

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime and season ;
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram !

THE
H O L Y F A I R *

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation ;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation :
A mask that like the gorget shew'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a fimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,

I

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene fae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way,
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining ;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form an' claes !
Their visage, wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' four as ony flaes :
The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day,

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet las,
' I think ye seem to ken me ;
' I'm fure I've seen that bonie face,
' But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,

Ye,

‘ Ye, for my fake, hae gi’en the feck
‘ Of a’ the ten commands
‘ A screed some day.

V.

‘ My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
‘ The nearest friend ye hae ;
‘ An’ this is *Superstition* here,
‘ An’ that’s *Hypocrisy*.
‘ I’m gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*,
‘ To spend an hour in daffin :
‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
‘ We will get famous laughin
‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t ;
‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s fark on,
‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
‘ Faith we’fe hae fine remarkin !’

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
An' foon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae fide to fide,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In filks an' scarlets glitter ;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,

A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry fide they're gathrin,
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are bufy blethrin
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There, *racer fests*, an' twa-three wh—res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here fits a raw of tittlin jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K———ck
For *fun* this day.

X.

X.

Here some are thinkin on their fins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his fhins,
Anither fighs an' prays :
On this hand fits a chofen fwatc,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces ;
On that a fet o' Chaps at watc,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Wha's ain dear las, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him !
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him ;

Which,

Which, by degrees, flips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is filent expectation ;
For ***** speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n..
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang fons o' G— present him,
The vera fight o' *****'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !

His

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day !

XIV.

But, hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
There's peace an' rest nae langer :
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna fit for anger.
***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals ;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason ?

His

His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' feason.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *****, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate*,
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in —.

XVII.

Wee *****, nieft, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
But, faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannily he hums them ;
Altho' his carnal wit an' fenfe
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-houfe fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-ftowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,

They

They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or College :
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
To mind baith faul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.

On

On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making obfervations ;
While fome are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin affignations
To meet fome day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the fhouts :
Black ***** is na fpairin :
His piercing words, like Highlan fwords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera fauls does harrow *,
Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXII.

A vast, unbottomb'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist :
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms and benches ;

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An'

An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' fits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
Frae fide to fide they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae lafs,
Or lasses that hae naething !
Sma' need has he to fay a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing !

(51)

O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel

How bonie lads ye wanted,

An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,

Let lasses be affronted

On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,

Begins to jow an' croon ;

Some fwagger hame, the best they dow,

Some wait the afternoon.

At flaps the billies halt a blink,

Till lasses strip their shoon :

Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,

They're a' in famous tune,

For crack that day,

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts

O' Sinners and o' Lasses !

D 2

Their

(52)

Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,

As fast as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' love divine ;

There's some are fou o' brandy ;

An' monie jobs that day begin,

May end in Houghmagandie

Some ither day.

DEATH

(53)

D E A T H

AND

DOCTOR HORNBOOK,

A

TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,

D 3

A

A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.
But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is juist as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but juist had plenty ;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glow
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre :
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I fet mysel ;

But

But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me ficker ;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie fwither ;
An awfu' fcythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-tae'd leifter on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queereft shape that e'er I saw,

For fient a wame it had ava ;
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been
' mawin,
' When ither folk are bufy fawin * ?'
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan,'
But naething fpak ;
At length, fays I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back ?'

It fpak right howe,—' My name is *Death*,
' But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,
' Ye're maybe come to flap my breath ;
' But tent me billie ;
' I red ye weel, tak care o' fkaith,
' See there's a gully !'
' Gudeman,'

* This rencounter happened in feed-time, 1785.

‘ Gudeman,’ quo’ he, ‘ put up your whittle,
‘ I’m no design’d to try its mettle ;
‘ But if I did, I wad be kittle

‘ To be mislear’d,

‘ I wad na mind it, no that spittle

‘ Out-owre my beard.’

‘ Weel, weel !’ says I, ‘ a bargain be’t ;

‘ Come, gies your hand, an’ fae we’re gree’t ;

‘ We’ll eafe our shanks an’ tak a feat,

‘ Come, gies your news ;

‘ This while * ye hae been mony a gate,

‘ At mony a houe.’

‘ Ay, ay !’ quo’ he, an shook his head,

‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed

‘ Sin I began to nick the thread,

‘ An’ choke the breath :

‘ Folk

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
‘ An’ fae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
‘ An’ mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
‘ To flap or scar me ;
‘ Till ane *Hornbook’s* * ta’en up the trade,
‘ An’ faith, he’ll waur me.

‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan* †
‘ An’ ither chaps,

‘ The

* This gentleman, Dr *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Phyfician.

† *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*:

‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,

‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,

‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;

‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art

‘ And curfed skill,

‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,

‘ Damn’d haet they’ll kill !

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,

‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;

‘ Wi’ lefs, I’m fure, I’ve hundreds slain ;

‘ But deil ma-care,

‘ It just play’d dirl on the bane,

‘ But did nae mair.

‘ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,

‘ And had fae fortify’d the part,

‘ That

‘ That when I looked to my dart,
‘ It was fae blunt,
‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
‘ Of a kail-runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
‘ I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
‘ But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
‘ Withstood the shock;
‘ I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
‘ O’ hard whin rock.

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
‘ Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
‘ Just —— in a kail-blade, and fend it,
‘ As soon’s he smells’t,
‘ Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
‘ At once he tells’t.

‘ And

‘ And then a’ doctor’s saws and whittles,
‘ Of a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
‘ A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,
‘ He’s fure to hae ;
‘ Their Latin names as fast he rattles
‘ As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earths, and trees ;
‘ True Sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
‘ The Farina of beans and pease,
‘ He has’t in plenty ;
‘ Aqua-fontis, what you please,
‘ He can content ye.

‘ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
‘ Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
‘ Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
‘ Distill’d *per se* ;
‘ Sal-alkali o’ Midge-tail-clippings,
‘ And mony mae.’

‘ Waes

‘ Waes me for *Johnny Ged’s Hole* * now,’
Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true !
‘ His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
‘ Sae white and bonie,
‘ Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew ;
‘ They’ll ruin *Johnie* !”

The creature grain’d an eldritch laugh,
And fays, ‘ Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
‘ Kirkyards will foon be till’d eneugh,
‘ Tak ye nae fear :
‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,
‘ In twa-three year.

‘ Whare I kill’d ane a fair ftrae death,
‘ By los o’ blood or want of breath,
‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill

‘ Has

* The grave-digger,

‘ Has clad a score i’ their laft claith,
‘ By drap an’ pill.

‘ An honeft Wabfter to his trade,
‘ Whafe wife’s twa nieves were fcarce weel
‘ bred,
‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
‘ When it was fair ;
‘ The wife flade cannie to her bed,
‘ But ne’er fpak mair.

‘ A countra Laird had ta’en the batts,
‘ Or fome curmurring in his guts,
‘ His only fon for *Hornbook* fets,
‘ An’ pays him well.
‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
‘ Was Laird himfel.

‘ A bonie lafs, ye kend her name,
‘ Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame ;
‘ She

‘ She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
‘ In *Hornbook*’s care ;
‘ *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
‘ To hide it there.

‘ That’s just a swatch o’ *Hornbook*’s way ;
‘ Thus goes he on from day to day,
‘ Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
‘ An’s weel paid for’t ;
‘ Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,
‘ Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt :

‘ But, hark ! I’ll tell you of a plot,
‘ Tho’ dinna ye be speakin o’t ;
‘ I’ll nail the self-conceited Sot,
‘ As dead’s a herrin :
‘ Nienst time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
‘ He gets his fairin !’

But

(65)

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith :
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And fae did *Death*.

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E

THE

But

(66)

THE
BRIGS OF AYR,

A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*****, Esq. *AYR.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic
plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green
thorn bush ;

The

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast
thrill,

Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling
o'er the hill ;

Shall he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's
field ;

Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The fervile, mercenary Swifts of rhymes ?

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?

No ! though his artless strains he rudely
sings,

And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
strings,

He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,

Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear re-
ward.

Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ;
 When B***** befriends his humble
 name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom
 fwells,
 The godlike blifs, to give, alone excels.'

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap ;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious
 spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive wax-
 en piles,

Are

Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the
weak,

The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone
reek :

The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry fide,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's
tie,

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,	}
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-	
tide blaze,	
While thick the gossamour waves wanton	
in the rays.	}

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left
 about :

(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd
 two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was
 true :

The

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

The tide-swoln Firth, with fullen-sounding
 roar,

Through the still night dash'd hoarse along
 the shore :

All else was hush'd as Nature's clos'd e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and
 tree :

The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept gently-crufting, o'er the glittering
 stream.——

When, lo ! on either hand the lift'ning Bard,
 The clanging fugh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :

E 4

Our

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain
 them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken
 them).

Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warfl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious
 search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;

It

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-
shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to
bank !
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith that day I doubt, ye'll never see ;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a
boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little menſe,
 Juſt much about it wi' your ſcanty ſenſe ;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a ſtreet,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they
 meet,

Your ruin'd, formleſs bulk o' ſtane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time ?
 There's men o' taſte wou'd tak the *Ducat-*
 *ſtream**,

Tho' they ſhould caſt the vera fark and
 ſwim,

E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the
 view

Of ſic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD

* A noted ford, juſt above the Auld Brig.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the braw-
 ling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar*'s mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland
 course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few
 places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy
 scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghais*, still
 continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting
thowes,

In mony a torrent down the sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring
speat,

Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the
gate;

And from *Glenbuck* *, down to the *Ratton-
Key* †,

Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling
sea;

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never
rise!

And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring
skies.

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW

* The source of the river of Ayr.

† A small landing place above the large key.

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't
o't!

The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate
o't!

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:

Windows and doors, in nameless sculptures
drest,

With order, fymmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended
knee,

And still the *second dread command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air,
or sea.

Manfions

Manfions that would disgrace the building
tafte

Of any mafon reptile, bird or beaft ;
Fit only for a doited Monkifh race,
Or frofty maids forfworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That fullen gloom was fterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protec-
tion,
And foon may they expire, unbleft with re-
furrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to fhare my wounded feel-
ings !

Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteoufnefs did toil ay;
Ye

Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-
cleaners ;

Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;
Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smiters* ;
And (what would now be strange) ye *godly*
Writers :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
How would your spirits groan in deep vexa-
tion,

To see each melancholy alteration ;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degen'rate race !
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's
glory,

In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid
story !

Nae

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gen-
 try,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Bar-
 bers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d
new Brigs and Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said
 enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :

To

To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparifons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the
 street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an'
 raifins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Sei-
 fins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once be-
 tray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity slept kindly in to aid
 them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been
faid,

What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to
shed,

No man can tell ; but all before their fight :
A fairy train appear'd in order bright :

Adown the glittering stream they featly
danc'd ;

Bright to the moon their various drestes
glanc'd :

They footed o'er the wat'ry glafs so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul ennobling Bards heroic ditties
fung.

O had M^r *Lauchlan* *, thairm-inspiring Sage, }
 Been there to hear this heavenly band en- }
 gage, }
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore }
 with Highland rage ; }
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting
 airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler
 fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch
 inspir'd !
 No guess could tell what instrument ap-
 pear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;

F 2

Harmonious

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the
heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
Spring ;

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural
Joy,

And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding
corn ;

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary
show,

By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next

Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts
hide ;

Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle
wreath,

To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death ;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their
kindling wrath.

THE
O R D I N A T I O N .

*For sense they little owe to Frugal Heav'n.—
To please the Mob they bide the little giv'n.*

I.

K***** Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;

Then

Then aff to *B—gb—*'s in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h—ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder * ;
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** fair misca'd her ;
This day M***** taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a *sbangan* on her tail,
An' fet the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

F 4

III.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on
the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr
L———— to the Laigh Kirk.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor :
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Herefy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless *Ham* * leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger ;

Or,

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

Or *Phineas* * drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-aborring rigour ;
Or *Zipporah* †, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial, *rams* that cros the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

VI.

* Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

† Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

VI.

Now auld K***** cock thy tail,
And tofs thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty ;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion* ;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin ;

Oh,

Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin ;
Our Patron, honest man ! Gl*****,
He saw mischief was brewin ;
And like a godly elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And found this day.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever :
Or try the wicked town of A**,
For there they'll think you clever ;

Or,

Or nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver ;
Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones :
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons :
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons :
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast, this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's fwingein thro' the city ;

Hark,

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !

I vow its unco pretty :

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,

Grunts out some Latin ditty ;

And Common Sense is gaun, she says,

To mak to *Jamie Beattie*

Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,

Embracing all opinions ;

Hear, how he gies the tither yell,

Between his twa companions ;

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,

As ane were peelin onions !

Now there, they're packed aff to hell,

And banish'd our dominions,

Henceforth this day.

XIII.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !

Come bouse about the porter !

Morality's demure decoys

Shall here nae mair find quarter :

M*****, R*****, are the boys

That Herefy can torture ;

They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,

And cow her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,

And here's, for a conclusion,

To every *New-light** mother's son,

From this time forth, Confusion :

If

* *New-light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

(95)

If mair they deave us with their din,

Or Patronage intrusion,

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,

We'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day.

THE

If
cot-
or of

THE
C A L F.

TO THE REV. MR ———

*On his Text, MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2. “ And
“ they shall go forth, and grow up, like
“ CALVES of the stall.”*

RIGHT Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf* !

And

And should some Patron be so kind,
As blifs you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Pow'r,
You e'er should be a *Stot*!

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *borns*.

And in your lug, most reverend J——
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte*.

(98)

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a graffy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
' Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

ADDRESS

(99)

A D D R E S S

TO THE

D E I L.

*O Prince ! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

O Thou ! whatever title fuit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,

Clos'd under hatches,

G 2

Spairges

Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Here me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far kend an' noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles,

Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,

Tirling the kirks ;

Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,

Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,

In lanely glens ye like to stray ;

Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,

Nod to the moon,

Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,

Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,

To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman !

Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,

Wi' eerie drone ;

Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,

Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-buís, stood in fight,
Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When, wi' an eldritch, floor quaick, quaick,
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *bags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.
Thence

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ;
For, Oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence myftic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse ;
When the beft wark-lume i' the houle,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a loufe,
Juft at the bit.

When thowes diffolve the fnawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your mofs-traverfing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curft, mifchievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in fome miry flough he funk is,
Ne'er mair to rife.

When *Mafons* myftic word an' grip,
In ftorms an' tempefts raife you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun ftop,
Or, ftrange to tell !
The youngeft Brother ye wad whip
Aff ftraught to h-ll.

Lang fyne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers firft were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they fhar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on-the fragrant, flow'ry fwaird,
In fhady bow'r :

Then

'Maist ruin'd a'.

Your spitefu' joke?

Was warst ava?

But

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will fend him linkin,
To your black pit ;
But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !

Ye

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

(107)

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a *stake*—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your fake !

THE

(108)

THE
DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she cooft a hitch,
An' owre she warl'd in the ditch :

There,

There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc* * he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's ;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
He gaped wide, but naething spak ;
At length poor *Mailie* filence brak.

' O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !

But

* A neibor herd-callan.

But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will :
So may his flock increafe, an' grow
To fcores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

‘ Tell him, he was a Mafter kin’,
An' ay was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

‘ O, bid him fave their harmlefs lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers knives !
But gie them guid' cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themfel ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

‘ An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets* !

To

(III)

To flink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may' they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers :
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menfeles, gracefess, brutes.

' An' nieft my *yowie*, filly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !

O,

O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blattit, moorland toop ;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyfel !

‘ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith :
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither,

‘ Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'fe get my blether.’

This faid, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

P O O R

P O O R M A I L I E ' S

E L E G Y.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose ;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead ;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes ;
 Poor Mailie's dead !

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' fense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll fay't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed* :
A bonier *fleeß* ne'er crofs'd the clips
Than *Mailie*'s dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape* !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread ;
An' *Robin*'s bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon* !
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin*'s reed !
His heart will never get aboon !
His *Mailie*'s dead !

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TO

J. S * * * * .

*Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and folder of Society!
I owe thee much.——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the fleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For

For me, I fwear by fun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hafty summon :
Hae ye a leifure-moment's time
To hear what's comin ?
H 3 Some

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din ;
For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the ruffet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot,
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent* ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, ' Hoolie !
' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
' Ye'll shaw your folly.
' There's

‘ There’s ither poets, much your betters,
‘ Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o’ letters,
‘ Hae thought they had ensur’d their debtors,
‘ A’ future ages ;
‘ Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
‘ Their unknown pages.’

Then farewell hopes o’ laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I’ll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An’ teach the lanely heights an’ howes
My rustic sang.

I’ll wander on with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
Then, all unknown,
I’ll lay me with th’ inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone !

But why o' Death begin a tale ?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop croud the sail,
 Heave *Care* o'er-side !
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
 That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

When

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloa-
min,

Then fareweel vacant carelefs roamin ;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' focial noife ;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;

And

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chafe ;
Keen hope does ev'ry finew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble fervan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;

To

; To

To

To

‘ Gie

‘ Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
‘ Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
‘ And Maids of Honor ;
‘ And yill an’ whisky gie to Cairds,
‘ Until they sconnep.

‘ A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
‘ A Garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
‘ Gie wealth to some be-ledger’d Cit,
‘ In cent. per cent.
‘ But give me real, sterling Wit,
‘ And I’m content.

‘ While Ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
‘ I’ll fit down o’er my scanty meal,
‘ Be’t *water-brose* or *muslin-kail*,
‘ Wi’ chearf’ face,
‘ As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
‘ To say the grace.’

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may ;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
How much unlike !
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn baffles
Ye hum away.

Ye

An

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wife* ;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-flam boys,
The rattlin squad :
I see you upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my fang,
Content wi' *You* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

^

D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with
reason ;*

But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4. 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*].

I.

A
G U I D-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !

May heav'n augment your blisses,

On

On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Poet wishes !
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,
Amang thae *Birth-day* drestes
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady ;
' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay ;
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor :
So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingship to bespatter ;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign King,
My skill may weel be doubted :
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed :

VOL. I.

I

Your

Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' lefs, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation,
Or fay, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted Miniftration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their ftation
Than courts yon day.

VI.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaister ;
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester ;
For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith ! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's Get,
A Name not Envy spairges),

I 2

That

That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges ;
But, G-d-fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for disfection !
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent* !

While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple Poet gies Ye?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
In blifs, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae care that day,

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highbness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' fwelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,

That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known
To mak a noble *Aiver* ;
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver :
There, Him * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff, *Vide* Shakespeare.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——,
Nane fets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a drefs completer :
As ye difown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then, fwith ! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her ;
A glorious *Galley* *, stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter ;

I 4

But

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain
Royal Sailor's amour.

But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal Lassies dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty ;
But sneer na *British* boys awa',
For Kings are unco scant ay ;
An' German Gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a' ! confider now,
Ye're unco muckle daudet ;

But

But ere the *course* o' life be through,

It may be bitter fautet :

An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,

That yet hae tarrow't at it ;

But or the *day* was done, I trow,

The laggen they hae clautet

Fu' clean that day.

THE

THE
VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.

While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest:

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
↓ backward mus'd on waitet time,

How

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How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank an' clarkit
My cash-account :
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When

When click ! the string the snick did draw :
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in fight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon been broken.

A ' hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonie *jean*
Could only peer it ;
Sae fraught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known Land.

Here,

Here, rivers in the sea were loft ;
There, mountains to the skies were toft :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With furling foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods ;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds :
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a Race,
To

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His

* The Wallaces.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR *, mark him well !
Bold *Richardton's* † heroic swell ;
The chief on *Sark* ‡ who glorious fell,
In high command ;
And *He* whom ruthless Fates expell
His native land.

There,

* William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.

† Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* shade *
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours strong ;
Bold, foldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With

* Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.

† Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice-Clerk.

* With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward† I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
 And Hero shone.

K 2

DUAN

* *Catrine*, the seat of the late Doctor, and present
Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

DUAN SECOND.

• WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *Fair* ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet.

' All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
 ' In me my native Muse regard !
 ' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low !
 ' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we bestow.

‘ Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
‘ Has many a light, aerial band,
‘ Who,

‘ Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
‘ As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ‘ Their labours ply.

 ‘ They *Scotia*’s race among them share ;
‘ Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
‘ Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 ‘ Corruption’s heart :
‘ Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art,

 ‘ ‘Mong fwelling floods of reeking gore,
‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
‘ Or, mid the venal Senate’s roar,
 ‘ They, fightless, stand,
‘ To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 ‘ And grace the hand.

‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
‘ Charm or instruct the future age,
‘ They bind the wild, Poetic rage
‘ In energy,
‘ Or point the inconclusive page
‘ Full on the eye.

‘ Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
‘ Hence *Dempster*’s zeal-inspired tongue ;
‘ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
‘ His “ Minstrel lays ;”
‘ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
‘ The *Sceptic*’s bays.

‘ To lower orders are assign’d
‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
‘ The Artisan ;
‘ All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
‘ The various man.

‘ When

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
‘ The threat’ning storm some, strongly, rein ;
‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 ‘ With tillage-skill ;
‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile ;
‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile ;
‘ Some sooth the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard* ;
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
‘ And this district as mine I claim,
‘ Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
‘ Held ruling pow’r ;
‘ I mark’d thy embryo tuneful flame,
‘ Thy natal hour

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
‘ Fond, on thy little early ways,
‘ Thy rudely caroll’d, chiming phrase,
‘ In uncouth rhymes,
‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;
‘ Or when the North his fleecy store
‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
‘ Struck thy young eye.
‘ Or

‘ Or when the deep green-mantl’d Earth
‘ Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,
‘ And joy and music pouring forth
 ‘ In ev’ry grove,
‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
 ‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
‘ Call’d forth the Reapers’ rustling noise,
‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
 ‘ And lonely stalk,
‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
 ‘ In pensive walk.

‘ When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
‘ Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ‘ Th’ adored *Name*,
‘ I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ‘ To soothe thy flame.

‘ I

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
‘ Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
‘ Missed by Fancy’s meteor-ray,
‘ By Passion driven ;
‘ But yet the *light* that led astray
‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
‘ The loves, the ways of simple swains,
‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains
‘ Thy fame extends ;
‘ And some, the pride of *Coila*’s plains,
‘ Become thy friends.

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
‘ To paint with *Thomson*’s landscape glow ;
‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
‘ With *Shenstone*’s art ;
‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
‘ Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet

‘ Yet all beneath th’ unrivall’d Rose,
‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;
‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
 ‘ His army shade,
‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
‘ And trust me, not *Potosi*’s mine,
 ‘ Nor King’s regard,
‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
‘ Preserve *the Dignity of Man*,
 ‘ With soul erect ;
‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ‘ Will all protect.

‘ *And*

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‘ *And wear thou this*’—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head :
The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS

(157)

A D D R E S S
TO THE
U N C O G U I D,
OR THE
R I G I D L Y R I G H T E O U S.

*My son, these Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither ;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON.—Ecles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,

Ye've

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's fauts and folly !
Whafe life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counfel for poor mortals,
That frequent pafs douce Wifdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtlefs, carelefs fakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donfie tricks, their black miftakes,
Their failings and mifchances.

III.

Ye fee your ftate wi' their's compar'd,
And fhudder at the niffer,

But

But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to fail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social-life and Glee fit down,
All joyous and unthinking,

Till

Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman ;

Tho'

Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *refisted*.

T A M S A M S O N ' S *
E L E G Y.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—

POPE.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
Or great M***** † thrawn his heel!

Or

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 85.

Or R***** † again grown weel,
To preach an' read ?
' Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
' *Tam Samfon's* dead !

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' fab, an' greet her lane,
An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed ;
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samfon's dead !

The Brethren of the mystic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ;
L 2 Death's

† Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few,
who was at that time ailing. For him see also the OR-
DINATION, stanza IX.

Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samfon's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock,
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samfon's dead ?

He was the king o' a' the Core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the ring like *Jebu* roar
In time of need ;
But now he lags on Death's *bog-score*,
Tam Samfon's dead !

Now fafe the stately Sawmont fail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels well ken'd for fouple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since.

Since dark in Death's *fyb-creeel* we wail
Tam Samfon's dead !

Rejoice ye birring Paitricks a' ;
Ye cootie Moorcocks, croufely craw ;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withoutten dread ;
Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samfon's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
While Pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
But, Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samfon's dead !

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters ;

In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre-braid !
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samfon's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samfon's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-fwagger,
But yet he drew' the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
' L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
Tam Samfon's dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

There, low he lies, in lasting rest ;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch an' breed :
Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead !
 L 4 Heav'n

(168)

Heav'n rest his faul, whare'er he be !
Is th' with o' mony mae than me :
He had twa fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead ?
Ae social, honest man want we :
Tam Samfon's dead !

T H E E P I T A P H .

TAM SAMSON's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him !
If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

P E R

P E R C O N T R A.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie**,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin.

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use
for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the History of Human Nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

H A L L O W E E N*.

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,

Or

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance ;
 Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the Moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the *Cove* *, to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

II.

Among the bony, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where *BRUCE* † ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' fhook his *Carrick* spear,

Some

* A noted cavern near *Colean-house*, called the *Cove of Colean* ; which, as well as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of *ROBERT*, the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine ;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' :
The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night.

IV.

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks* * maun a' be fought ance ;
 They seek their e'en, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes and straught anes.

Poor

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune ; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a fow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
The vera wee-things, todlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
An' gif the *custoc*'s sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

IV.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* * ;
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlin in the Fause-house †
 Wi' him that night.

VIL

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber,

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* *

Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads and lassies fates
Are there that night decided :
Some kindle, couthie, fide by fide,
An' burn thegither trimly ;
Some start awa, wi' faucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie

Fu' high that night.

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M

VIII.

ber, &c. makes a large apartment in his flack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *Fause-house*.

* Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She says in to herfel :
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie ;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie :

Mall's

Mall's nit lap out wi' pridesfu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
While Willie lap, and swoor *by jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Faufe-houfe in her min',
She pits herfel an' Rob in ;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in afe they're fobbin :
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisfer'd Rob to leuk for't :
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by herself :
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot*, a clue of blue yarn ; wind it in a new clue off the old one ; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread ; demand, *wha bauds ?* i. e. who holds ; and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie fays,
' Will ye go wi' me, Graunie ?
' I'll *eat the apple * at the glafs,*
' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'

M 3

She

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glafs; eat
an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should
comb

She fuff't her pipe wi' fic a lunt,
In wrath she was fae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

' Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face !
' I daur you try fic sportin,
' As seek the foul Thief ony place,
' For him to fpae your fortune :
' Nae doubt but ye may get a *fight* !
' Great caufe ye hae to fear it ;
' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
' On fic a night.

XV.

comb your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glafs, as if peeping over your shoulder.

XV.

‘ Ae Hairft afore the Sherra-moor,
‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
‘ I was a gilpey then, I’m fure
‘ I was na past fyfteen :
‘ The Simmer had been cauld an’ wat,
‘ An’ stuf was unco green ;
‘ An’ ay a rantin kirk we gat,
‘ And juft on *Halloween*
‘ It fell that night.

XVI.

‘ Our Stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,
‘ A clever, fturdy fallow ;
‘ His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,
‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla :

M 4

‘ He

‘ He gat *hemp-feed* *, I mind it weel,

‘ An’ he made unco light o’t ;

‘ But monie a day was *by bimself*,

‘ He was fae fairly frightened

‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,

An’ he swoor by his conscience,

That

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-feed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, ‘ *Hemp-feed* I saw thee, *Hemp-feed* I saw thee ; and him (or ‘ her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and ‘ pou thee.’ Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ‘ come ‘ after me, and shaw thee,’ that is, show thyself ; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ‘ come after me, and harrow thee.’

That he could *saw hemp-feed* a peck ;
For it was a' but nonsense ;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bad him flip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin ;
The *graip* he for a *barrow* taks,
An' hurls at his curpin :
An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
' Hemp-feed I saw thee,
' An' her that is to be my las,
' Come after me, and draw thee
' As fast this night.'

XIX.

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary ;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was fae fley'd an' eerie :
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation !
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
An' hear the fad narration :

He

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphia*,
After that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething* *;

But

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in :
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *barn* she fets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters :
A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !

An'

out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* *,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin ;
He taks a swirlie, auld mofs-oak,
For some black, groufome Carlin ;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes came haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen ;
But, Och ! that night, among the fhaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin !
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn**,
To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a fouth running spring or rivulet, where ' three ' Lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon :

Poor

Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
Near lav' rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *Luggies* three * are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed :
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul
water in another, leave the third empty : blindfold a
person,

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary ;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheary ;
Till *butter'd So'ns* *, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;

Syne

person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it fortells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

(194)

Syne, wi' a focial glafs o' frunt,

They parted aff careerin

Fu' blythe that night,

THE

(195)

THE
AULD FARMER'S
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS
AULD MARE, MAGGIE,
On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn
to Hansel in the New-year.

A *Guid New-year* I wish thee, Maggie !
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie :
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,

N 2

Thou

(196)

Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daify,
I've seen thee dappl't, fleck, and glaizie,
A bonny gray :
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' fwank,
An' fet weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could hae flown out-owre a flank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an-twenty year,
Sin thou was my Guid-father's *Meere* ;

He

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonfie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *Bride* :
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a faumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' fkiegh,
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' fkiegh,
An' tak the road !
Town's bodies ran, an' flood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow :
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd fax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer ;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reefit ;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
Forbye fax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst :
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie

Monie a fair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat !
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's lefs deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A

M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November 1785.*

WEE, fleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie !

Thou need na start awa fae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle !

I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm

I'm truly forry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal*!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ! poor beastie, thou maun live !
A *daimen icker* in a *thraive*
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
And never mis's't !

Thy wee bit *houfie*, too, in ruin !
Its filly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Thou

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's fleetie dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Moufie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *forefight* may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still

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Still thou are blest, compar'd wi' *me* !

The present only toucheth thee :

But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear !

An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,

I *guess* an' *fear* !

A

WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these.—*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;

When

When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far fouth the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the Steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet boked,
Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or filly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing !
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee ?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roof, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow solemn, stole—

‘ Blow

- ‘ Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust !
‘ And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !
‘ Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
‘ Not all your rage, as now, united shows
‘ More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
‘ Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
‘ Than heav’n-illumin’d Man on brother Man
‘ bestows !
‘ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
‘ Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
‘ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
‘ Woe, want, and murder o’er a land !
‘ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,
‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
‘ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
‘ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide ;
‘ And eyes the simple rustic Hind,
‘ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,

‘ A creature of another kind,
‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus vile,
‘ below !
‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender throe,
‘ With Lordly Honor’s lofty brow,
‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?
‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,
‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
‘ To bless himself alone !
‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
‘ To love-pretending snares,
‘ This boasted Honor turns away,
‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,
‘ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing
‘ pray’rs !
‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid nest,
‘ She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
‘ And with a Mother’s fears, shrinks at the
‘ rocking blast :

‘ Oh

‘ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves
‘ create,
‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretched
‘ fate,
‘ Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
‘ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself to
‘ sleep,
‘ While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky
‘ wall,
‘ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drifty
‘ heap !
‘ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
‘ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
‘ Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
‘ But shall thy legal rage pursue
‘ The wretch, already crushed low,
‘ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow ?

' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress?
' A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*

Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-roufing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE

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E P I S T L E

to

D A V I E,

▲

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

W H I L E winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,

And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

And hing us owre the ingle,

I fet me down, to pass the time,

O 3

And

And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great folk's gift,
That live fae bien an' snug ;
I tent lefs, and want lefs
Their roomy fire-fide ;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being four,
To see how things are shar'd ;
How best o' chieks are whiles in want,
While Coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't :

But

But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, no fear na' *,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.

O 4

The

* Ramsay.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile,
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV:

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when Daifies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,

With

With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :
On braes when we please, then,
We'll fit and fowth a tune ;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle *mair* :
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :

Nae

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heav'n or Hell !
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale !

VII.

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state ;
And, even should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts !
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I ;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
The Lover an' the Frien' ;
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean* !
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name* :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

IX.

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above !

O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !

Thou know'st my words sincere !

The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,

Or my more dear Immortal part,

Is not more fondly dear !

When heart-corroding care and grief

Deprive my soul of rest,

Her dear idea brings relief

And solace to my breast.

Thou *Being*, All-seeing,

O hear my fervent pray'r ;

Still take her, and make her

Tby most peculiar care !

X.

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

XI.

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
The words comes skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit :
 But left then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

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THE
L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE
UNFORTUNATE ISSUE
OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe.*

HOME.

I.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !

With

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked, distant hill :
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill :
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning Peace !

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;

No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft attested Pow'rs above ;
The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown :
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,

As

As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth !
Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom !

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe ;

I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, flow,
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main,

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harraf's'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O ! thou bright Queen, who o'er'th' expanse,
Now highest reign'ft, with boundless sway !
Oft

Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
Scenes, never, never, to return !
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn !
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN

O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I fet me down and sigh ;

O

O Life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches, such as I !
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear !
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished *end*'s deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same,
 You bustling, and jostling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,

The

The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream :
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Lest fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, Loves, and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !

He

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown !
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *Age* !

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

A

D I R G E.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,

And hail and rain does blow ;

Or, the stormy North sends driving forth

The blinding fleet and snaw :

While

While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest
And pass the heartless day.

II.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast *, ”
The joyless Winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The Tempest’s howl, it sooths my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

III.

Thou *Pow’r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,

Here

* Dr Young.

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Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,

Because they are *Thy* Will !

Then all I want (O, do thou grant

This one request of mine !)

Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,

Assist me to *resign*.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

There, first, I feel, they may be held,
because they are not well!
Then all I want (O, do not grant
this one request of mine!)
is that you should not let
them go again.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM